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# VINDICATION

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Sir *Richard Steele*,

AGAINST A

## PAMPHLET

INTITULED, cL

A LETTER to the Right  
Worshipful Sir R. S. con-  
cerning his Remarks on the  
Pretender's Declaration.

~~~~~

*Latet anguis in herbam.*

~~~~~

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane, and  
E. Berrington near Essex-Street at the Cross-Keys  
without Temple-bar. 1716. (Price 4d.)

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VINDICATION

OF

Sir Richard Steele

AGAINST A

PAMPHLET

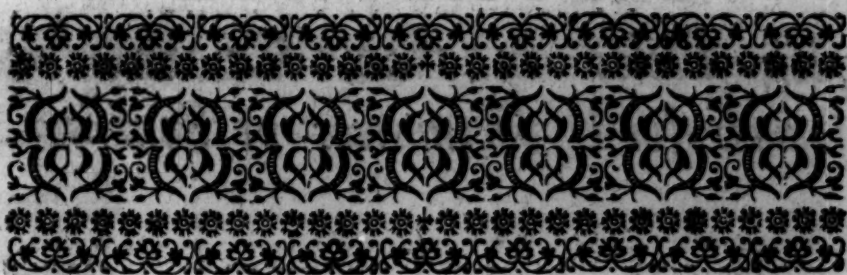


AND LETTER to the Right  
Worshipful Sir A. & con-  
taining his Remarks on the  
Pretended Declaration.

as a necessary consequence  
of the Report in debate.

LONDON

Printed for J. Knap in Whitehall, and  
R. Dutton near St. Dun's Church, Fleet  
Street, in 1710.



THE  
PREFACE:

**I** Mortally hate personal Reflections: My good Nature rather inclines me to seek for Beautiful Ideas and Rational Deductions in the Labours of my Fellow Creatures, than with an envious Eye to strive to  
A 2 pick



## The PREFACE.

*pick Holes in their Coats, or  
search for Opportunities of Snarling.*

*But this very same good Nature  
obliges me, when I find a proud in-  
solent Man vaunting in his own  
Strength, and insulting, perhaps,  
more worthy Men than himself,  
at the same time baughtily kick-  
ing against the Government he  
quietly lives under, Good Nature,  
I say, here obliges me to side  
with the Injured, and annoy the  
proud arrogant Oppressor as much  
as is in my Power.*

*For this end I publish the fol-  
lowing Notes, which I hastily  
made in reading over the Letter  
I take upon me to expose. Not  
but that if I wou'd give my self  
time*



## THE PREFACE.

time I cou'd say a great deal more to it, and I believe more to the purpose; but this is enough to shew an insolent Boaster, that there is more Reason in the World than what is lodged in his Pate; and that Sir Richard Steele, as long as he continues firm to his Allegiance to KING GEORGE, will find Truth so much on his side, that he will not need the Assistance of our Authorship's Leading-strings.

My principal aim is to Vindicate the Honour of King George, which every unprejudiced Person may see was injuriously assaulted by this weak Adversary.

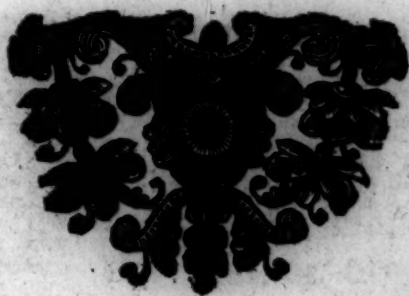
## The PREFACE.

*A Secondary View may be to vindicate a Nation which, at present, produces Men both in Church and State, eminent enough to speak for themselves --- I mean Ireland: Was ever a more gross Affront cast on the Gentlemen of that Nation, in general, than that Sir Richard Steele must be debarr'd knowing Sense, because he owes his Birth to that Country, tho' his Education was elsewhere; as if it were a Land which produces nothing but Bulls; for that I appeal to John Bull.*

*A third aim I may, perhaps, have is, that I wou'd provoke the Libeller, whom I take to task, to spue up his malicious Treason;*

## The PREFACE.

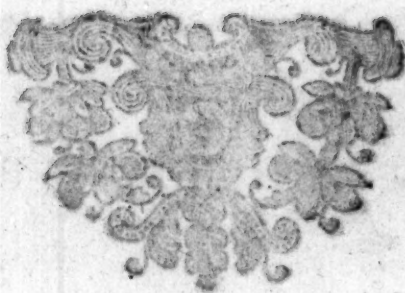
son ; lest the Poison fermenting  
may not only leave his own can-  
ker'd Mind infected with a foul  
Disease, but diffuse it self far-  
ther into those he converses with.  
This gentle Dose, I have Hopes,  
will work with him nolens vo-  
lens.

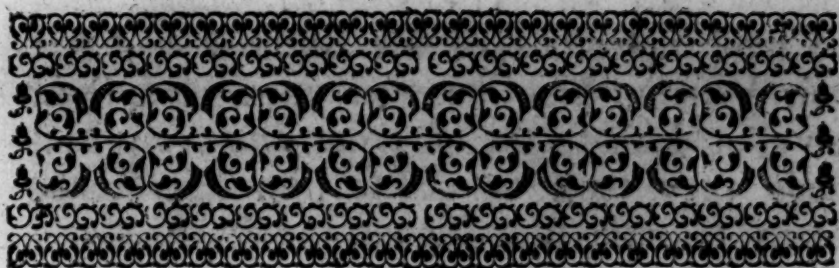




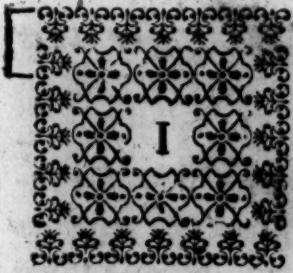
# THE PREFACE

son; lest the Poison following  
may not only leave his own car-  
rier, Mind infected with a fatal  
Disease, but diffuse it self into  
others into those he converses with.  
This gentle Dose, I have hoped  
will work with him no less vo-  
lens.





A  
VINDICATION  
OF  
*Sir Richard Steele, &c.*

[ *AM one of your Old Antagonists, &c.*] A great piece of Pudding: We may allow you, (without doing of you too much Honour) to be the Author of a scurrilous Pamphlet or two which have done Sir Richard Steele no disservice amongst the wisest part of the Nation. Ingenious Men admire Sir Richard the more: For such Snarlers as you, who only bark without biting, have represented him in a finer Light. When  
B the

the most rancorous of his Enemies had spit their Venom, his Character out-shined their Envy, and in spite of them the very Methods they took to debase him has been a means to raise him higher.

[*You accuse Sir Richard Steele of no less than High Treason*] Haman accus'd Mordecai of no less; and yet we find that ambitious Man advanc'd to the Dignity he design'd for *this* his mortal Enemy. It may be your Fate: For I can assure you, carry it as slyly as you please, *you are guilty of no less than High Treason* by proving yourself to be a rank *Jacobite*, and consequently an Enemy to your King and Country, and in a hopeful way to give *Sir Richard Steele* sufficient Revenge against you; and in the mean time he may please himself with retorting your own Words——  
*really I am afraid you will Swing for this some time or other.*

That you're a *Jacobite* I need not go about to prove: For it too plainly appears to any intelligent Person who reads your *Letter, &c.* but that your a sly *Quibbler* every one may not at first sight perceive. Did you believe in your Conscience that *Sir Richard Steele* was the Author of those Remarks on the *Pretender's* Declaration? I put it to your own Conscience, if you have  
any



any left: I have Reason to suspect you writ those Remarks your self; and withal contrived them so prodigious Cunning that no Mortal living cou'd be able to find out an Answer to them but your self. The Glory is yours, Sir, as well in Writing as Answering them, and I dare say Sir *Richard Steele* wont deprive you of the Honour of writing both the Remarks and the Letter by ever owning he writ either of them.

Now, Sir, your Design in this polite Performance, with Submission to the *gratification of your Pride*, as you express it in your first *Paragraph*, shall be layed open as clear as my haste and your little Merit will permit.

Your Design is, if I am not mightily deceived, to vindicate the *Pretenders Declaration*, and free it from all Aspersions, by insinuating that so great a Man as Sir *Richard Steele* is not capable of bantering a Piece of *Bedlam Eloquence*. Then say you, if I succeed in this Exploit, this *Declaration* must be admir'd or fear'd by all People. In order to this, your Praise worthy Design, you extol the late Lord *Bolingbroke's* many great *Qualities to the Skies*; as if the ancient Noble Blood of his Ancestors must necessarily inspire him with

Truth and right Reason. If it be once allowed that his former Qualities and prodigious Endowments intitled him to an *indefeasible* Right of being Principal Secretary of State, the Consequence must necessarily follow according to your Wishes, and this poor, mean, querulent Petition (call'd falsely a Declaration) stuff'd full of Treason, Falshood, and all manner of Wickedness, must be dreaded as a terrible Piece of Thunder; and no one must speak opprobriously of it for fear of being hang'd. Which fate they that vindicate it have richly merited already. It wou'd be derogating from your Merit to leave you out of the Number.

You say you have *no Obligations to the late Secretary Bolingbroke, or ever spoke a Word to him, &c.* that may very probably be; for you Write something like an inferior Tool that wou'd be glad to take a Dinner with his Foot-man, or at least with his Butler. But granting all your Encomiums of the late Secretary *Bullingbrooke* to have been true: We often know Men of good Breeding, great Reading, skill'd in Languages, compleat Orators, of uncommon Vivacity and delicate Wit run Mad, and then where's all their former Praise? I have no aim at the late Lord *Bolingbroke's* Misfortunes in this.

You

You go on (on this Topick) to ask a very modest Question; *may not* (say you) *a Man deserve these Commendations, and many more, and yet be declared an Enemy to his Country?* Give me leave to ask you the same Question, only leaving out the Word *declared*: May not a Man deserve these Commendations, and many more, and yet be an Enemy to his Country? Your Impudence, as great as it is, dare not answer to this in the Affirmative. Then see what a handsom Compliment you have pass'd on the Government who have declared this Matter. Know that the honest part of the World will allow no Encomiums to a Man who is a *Traitor* (or an Enemy to his King and Country) but that — *he had a white Skin when he went to the Gallows.*

The next thing I shall undertake, is to copy one of your own *Paragraphs* against your self [*I remember to have seen one stand in the Pillory (who they say was really a Gentleman) for presuming to print a Tory Pamphlet, call'd the Memorial of the Church of England, under the pretext of writing Remarks on it. However insolent the Book was thought, the Offence bears no Proportion to this, nor will the Punishment; really I am afraid you will swing for this some time or other.*] Rebellion is like the Sin of *Witchcraft*; and one wou'd think you were  
be-



bewitched to prophecy so homely against your self, and bring the Government a Rod to whip your self withal.

I'll go farther, and bring more of your own Words in Judgment against you [*I am the warmer on this Subject, because I am witness of the ill Effects of Printing this*] meaning your Letter, &c.

I am now to shew some of your Loyalty to King *George* in its proper Colours, where your Ignorance of the Laws of *England*, is as notorious as your Audaciousness in suggesting such Wickedness. You say (by way of Irony) speaking of King *James's* Son, [*every body knows that being a Man's Son is not any Pretence at all to his Father's Estate in England*] every body knows really that being a Man's Son is not an absolute unlimited Title. Nor is it a Title *Jure Divino*. And even in entail'd Estates *Levying a Fine* and *Suffering a Recovery*, with the Consent of the next Heir or Heirs, debars any one Heir, and prevents a Man's Son from having any Title, in common Right, to his Father's Estate, tho' he be his only Son: This Remedy is made use of frequently in Chancery to prevent the Ruin of Families, by the Succession of a bad Heir. Illegitimacy is also another Bar to a Son's claiming Right or Title to his Father's Estate.

[*Why*

[*Why what the Devil shou'd be be else*] is a very elegant Expression of your Worship's; the Devil, it seems, is a familiar Friend to you, whom you call to your Aid at a *Non-plus*, &c. and you take this Advantage of publickly dedicating this rapturous Sentence to your most Honour'd Patron. You need not have declar'd his Name so publickly, your *Treason* and bitter Malice against King *George* wou'd have bespoke, of it self, your *Authorship* to have merited a great Place in your Renowned Lord *Monsieur le Devil's* Books.

By the way, give me leave to change Participles and Verbs into Nouns, and *vice versa* I'll make as pretty a Banter on the most beautiful Sentence you can invent, as you have done with this following — *You do not pretend, and shou'd you pretend, you wou'd only pretend, &c.*

Many talk of *Robin Hood* who never shot in his Bow; it may fare so with you about *Westminster School*. You say [*No Lad in Westminster School but knows that now cannot be joyned to any but the Present Tense*] You understand Grammar, I find, peculiarly well; but because I don't understand so much Grammar, *I will now (or this moment) correct you for your Ignorance.* What Tense is there that now is not, and may not properly

perly be, annexed to in the English Tongue. And this I can take upon me to prove by far greater Authority, than any that has appeared yet against Sir *Richard Steele*.

You shall have more of your Criticisms on Grammar retorted [*Are you really so illiterate as not to know that Let is the Optative Mood as well as the Imperative.*] Give me leave to dispute that Point with you, and tell you that *Let* (as *literate* as you wou'd pretend to be) may be a Sign of the *Subjunctive* Mood, but never of the *Optative*; had you been whipt at School for this Mistake, you wou'd have had a better and clearer Notion of it now; but the Misfortunes of your Friends has mudded your Brain; you can't remember the Difference betwixt the *Subjunctive* and *Optative Mood*. But have a care a *Potential Mood* does not overtake you with a witness, and then you'll be in an ill *Mood* indeed.

[*But I forget my self, this was not to prove your Scholarship, but to give a Specimen of your Country. By my Shoule, dear Joy, I was after coming before*] 'tis well you own you forget your self, *aliquando dormitat Homerus*, say you; you forget your self that this is a National Reflection, and may bring as keen, sharp Blades on your Back



Back, as any in the Parish you live in, and perhaps that's a bold Word. If you had had the Honour to have been of that Country, good Manners, Modesty, Learning and Loyalty might appear more conspicuous in your Works. Pardon, me if I say you seem to be highly defective in every one of these Points.

That Sir *Richard Steele*, who was born a Gentleman, has kept the best Gentlemen Company, is a *Senator* in the British Parliament, and of the Honourable Order of *Knighthood*, that a Gentleman of this Rank, shou'd be traduc'd by a Person of your Meanness and Insignificancy, who for ought we know owe your best Being to a Dunghil, is a Grievance which none but a patient Man can bear. And such a one am I, no doubt, that I don't fall fouler on you on this Score.

If your Circumstances may be judged of by your Sycophantry, they are very mean, and will scarce be sufficient to pay the Jaylor's Fees, when you meet a Lodging equal to your Renowned Worth.

[*I believe Crimes was thought*] pure good English, go bring your Grammar, and find the *Antecedent* to the *Relative*, or the *Nominative* Case to the *Verb*. It was thought,  
C what

what was thought? Crimes was thought. Go to *Westminster School*, for shame, or never shew your self again, a Corrector of others. You have no way that I see of making Crimes the Singular Number, but by mustering all yours up into that single one of Rebellion, and then a single Rope will tye them all together in one aggregate Bundle.

[*Another Bob for the Clergy.*] Be you who you will, I can promise you you do the Christian Church no Service. 'Tis such Mock-defenders as you that have brought the Calamities on Religion, in general, under which Christianity at present Groans. The Lashes our pure Religion has receiv'd from those who pretend to support it are more grievous and intollerable, than all the Blows it ever received from its most profess'd Enemies. God's true Church does not stand in need of rotten Pillars to support it; such Props rather afford Fuel to encrease the Fire; and like rotten Timber (or Touch-wood) are exceeding susceptible of the least Spark that is struck against them, and kindle it suddenly into Flames. Had the rotten combustible Rubbish of the Church been timely removed, its being built on a Rock wou'd secure it from Fire. But whilst the rotten *Posts* are burning, they cry out the Church is on Fire. The Church is too solid Matter to be consumed by Flames.  
When

When a Chimney is on Fire let the Soot consume it self, and burn out, and then the Chimney will be clean.

Let no one think I use any *Sarcasms* against the Clergy; far be it from me; but let some Clergy who have no other Call to that Function than hopes of a Living take care that they don't make *Sarcasms* on themselves by their Irreligion and Imprudence.

I warrant you'll cry out *this is a Bob for the Clergy too*. I answer no. All the good and faithful Ministers of Jesus Christ, I dare say, will join with me against you. But such as have no other Call to their Office than their Presumption, Pride or Avarice; such as are for aggrandizing themselves and Preaching more for their own Honour than for that of their great Master; such as make the Priestly Office and Habit a Cloak to deceive silly Women under, such as these (tho' few I hope they be) will, I question not, be nettled; and Tooth and Nail they'll be for scratching out my Eyes; because I see more than they wou'd have me, and won't implicitly follow such blind Leaders. Let them rave on, I'll do my Duty and speak the Truth from my Heart.

I'll



I'll conclude with some of your own Words; not that I think I want better, but to use *argumentum ad hominem* it vexes a Man to have his Head broke with his own Cudgel. Should I suffer my self to reflect longer on this Subject, I should be provok'd to say things to you much more grievous than a few Criticisms on your Pamphlet, or any other Expressions in this Paper.

**F I N I S.**



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